

The "second position"

Comes in the seventeenth year,
Watching the meaningless gyrations of flies above a sill.

The wind has stopped, but the magnolia blossoms still
Fall with a plop onto the dry, spongy earth
The evening air is pestiferous with midges.

There is only ^{one} way ^{to} complete the puzzle ^{that is light sun}
By finding a ~~thin~~ ^{thin} roof-shaped piece shading to buff at one side.

It is the beginning of March, a few
Russet and yellow wall flowers are blooming in the border
Protected by ~~wee~~ ^{wee} fragmentary masonry.
Termites are at work in the long central roof beam.

One morning you appear at breakfast
Dressed, as for a voyage, in your worst suit of clothes.
And over a pot of coffee, or more accurately rusted water
Announce your intention of leaving me alone in this cistern-like house.
~~IXKXKXK~~ In your own best interests I think I shall decide not to believe you.

I think there is a funny sandb r
Beyond the old boardwalk
Your intrigue makes you understand.

"At thirty-two I came up to take my examinations at the university.
The U wax factory, it seemed, wanted a new general manager.
I was the sole applicant for the job, but it was refused me.
So I have preferred to finish my life
In the quietude of this floral retreat."

The tiresome old man is telling us his life story.

The trout are circling under water--

Masters of eloquence
Glisten on the pages of your book
Like mountains veiled by water or the sky.

~~These moments of "population"~~
~~Of the night by the body are not wasted.~~ ^{wholly useless.}

~~XX~~
~~XX~~

Heads in hands, waterfall of simplicity.
The delta of living into everything.
The pump is ^{burst} ~~leaking~~--I shall have to have it fixed.

Your knotted hair
Around your shoulders
A shawl the colors of the spectrum

Like that marvelous thing you haven't learned yet.